A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

WESTVIEW

Volume 13
Issue 4 *Summer*

Article 3

7-15-1994

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Late in October of 1849, four gentlemen sat at a game of cards, occasionally pausing to glance up at the ceiling as they puffed on their cigars.

One of them was the local physician, Dr. Morrisey, while opposite him sat Dr. Estenbach, a renowned authority on madness and abnormal mental states. The third man, who occasionally arose from his chair and went over to the fireplace to stoke the fire, was a neighbor—a Mr. Targood, a gray, thin, unprepossessing man of considerable means. He appeared to be in declining health and complained often of being chilled, even in summer weather; and this evening was cold, indeed, with a wind that whirred in the eaves of the old house where they sat and pursued their card playing.

The fourth man was the brother of their host, who was upstairs in his bedroom, presumably fast asleep. The host was named Thomas Faraday, and it was because of him that the four were gathered about the table, playing their cards with an inattention that in other circumstances would have seemed remarkable. His brother, Isaac Faraday, was a widower in his forties, and like Mr. Targood, a man of some wealth and influence.

When the hall clock struck eleven, Dr. Estenbach threw his hand in and said, "My dear Dr. Morrisey, when did you say it would happen?"

Morrisey adjusted his spectacles and said, "Patience, Dr. Estenbach. Any moment now, if it happens at all this evening. As I explained, he doesn't do it every night."

"You say his man will come down and tell us?"

"The instant he shows signs that he's nearly ready."

Dr. Estenbach snorted. "Ready! You make him sound like a pregnant woman!"

"You will have observed," Dr. Morrisey said dryly, adjusting his spectacles again, "that such things must go through their proper phases."

Estenbach nodded. "But is the servant to be trusted? Will he know the right time?"

Morrisey frowned. "We could scarcely wait in his bed chamber, could we? I asked for you to come here tonight because I thought you should witness such an extraordinary phenomenon. Trust me, there's still time. He may do it tonight."

"I hope you're right." Estenbach breathed, shaking his head. He puffed on his cigar and started to pick up his cards, when the servant just referred to appeared at the entrance to the game room. All four men turned to look at him.

Approaching Dr. Morrisey gravely, the servant—an old man with a posture curiously bent to the right—said, "I believe he will walk tonight, sir."

Morrisey glanced instinctively at Mr. Faraday, their host's brother, and seeing that he remained impassive, turned back to the servant and said, "Are you sure?"

The old man nodded. "He will walk." Then lifting his chin a little, he continued: "Will the gentlemen come to watch?"

"Of course," Mr. Targood said, climbing to his feet. "That's what we've all been waiting for, isn't it?"

"Yes, "Dr. Morrisey said. "And have no fear,

Raymond; as I assured you, your master will not be harmed by any of this business."

Raymond nodded. "As you say, Sir. Then, if the gentlemen will all follow me."

"Indeed we will, " Mr. Targood said in a voice that scarcely concealed his excitement, while Dr. Estenbach walked over to the fireplace, parted the screen, and threw his cigar into the glowing embers beneath the log. Mr. Faraday stood smoothing his hair down with the palm of his hand, as if he were about to step onto a public platform.

The four men then proceeded to follow the old servant upstairs and walked down the long dark hallway toward the master's bedroom, where they noticed that the door was not quite closed. Opening it, Raymond stood aside, allowing the others to enter.

Two candles were burning brightly on the mantel above the bedroom's fireplace, which had not been used this evening, in spite of the sudden chill in the weather. Dr. Estenbach took one of them in his hand and carried it over to the bed, where the old servant pulled the bed-curtains aside. Then the four men stood and observed their host, evidently sound asleep but with his eyes wide open, staring unblinkingly up into the darkness.

"That's a certain indication he'll walk," Dr. Morrisey whispered. "Isn't that so, Raymond?"

The old servant nodded.

Dr. Estenbach, however, seemed not to hear. He leaned over and peered into the unseeing eyes of the sleeping man. When he moved the candle closer, he stared hard at the pupils. He then felt the sleeping man's hand and found it extremely cold, and his pulse beat was so slow it seemed that his circulation had almost ceased.

Dr. Morrisey, after a brief glance at his patient, watched Dr. Estenbach, who appeared to have been almost hypnotized by the sight. Finally, he stood up and took a step backwards.

"How soon will he arise," he finally asked in a low voice.

"Within the half hour, Sir," Raymond answered. "Almost certainly, although he sometimes stays abed slightly longer."

"But he will walk," Dr. Estenbach muttered, half questioningly.

"He will walk," Dr. Morrisey assured him, and at that moment Thomas Faraday's brother put both of his hands over his face and breathed into them, as if he could not bear the sight any longer.

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At the whispered suggestion of Dr. Morrisey, Raymond closed the bed curtains, and they all retired in silence to the farthest corner of the room, where they stood against the wall, waiting. Since they were nearer the high cornices beneath the roof, the moaning of the cold autumn wind sounded louder than before.

Raymond went to stand by the door, leaning to the side as if to better hear his Master's command should he speak. However, though often witnessed by Dr. Morrisey—as well as his brother and servant— the patient had never been heard to utter a single word while he walked in his sleep.

A half hour passed without any movement from Thomas Faraday's bed. The bed curtains hung absolutely still, and all of those watching found themselves thinking of the patient as they had seen him, scarcely breathing and staring open-eyed and unmoving up into the darkness. When the clock in the downstairs hallway chimed the three-quar-

ters hour, Mr. Targood withdrew his large silver watch from his vest pocket and peered closely at it in the gloom, trying to verify the interval struck. Still there was no movement behind the bed curtains, and the only sounds were those of the wind whirring continuously through the high eaves of the house and the sounds of the men breathing as they waited.

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Then, shortly before midnight, the bed curtains were violently thrust aside and Thomas Faraday swung his legs out of the bed. Upon his features there was a distant, vaguely troubled expression—not at all consistent with the cheerful demeanor of his waking moments. His gaze drifted over those present as if they did not exist. Slowly and methodically—although with somewhat jerky movements—he took off his nightgown and put on his clothes.

When he was fully dressed, Dr. Estenbach lighted a third candle from one of those already burning, and approached the patient, who appeared almost to be awaiting him—as if he could hear but not see his approach, or as if he might be *thinking* of him in the act. When Dr. Estenbach put the candle close to his eyes, Thomas Faraday did not blink, nor did he appear to be aware of any presence other than his own in the bed chamber.

After what seemed a moment's indecision, he went over to his bureau and withdrew a pistol from the upper right drawer. Seeing this, his brother gasped, but Dr. Estenbach turned his head and held his finger to his lips. The patient, however, heard nothing, and replacing the pistol where he'd gotten it went out into the hallway.

All of the men followed him as he went downstairs, Raymond following and carrying an extra candle that he himself had lit. The shadows of all the figures bounced and glided unevenly upon the walls. Morrisey whispered to Dr. Estenbach that the patient would have walked just as swiftly and confidently even if there had been no light to show the way.

Going to the door of his study, Thomas Faraday paused a moment and the flickering candle light was sufficient to show the frown on his face. He appeared indecisive, and yet Dr. Morrisey and Raymond had said he often acted in precisely this way.

"He seems to be looking for something," Mr. Targood whispered, and Dr. Morrisey nodded, patting the older man's arm for him to remain silent.

They followed as the patient entered his study where the dying embers of a fire remained in the grate.

Once inside the study, Dr. Morrisey and Mr. Targood lighted extra candles so that they might better witness the behavior of the somnambulist. Dr. Morrisey had hinted at what was to come, and all of them stood there transfixed as the patient did precisely as predicted: he sat at his desk, opened the drawer, and took out virtually all of the contents, consisting of various papers, a pen knife, a seal, a nub of wax, three quill pens, some lead pencils, an India rubber eraser, and a sheaf of unused foolscap.

Having laid these on the desk top, Faraday then furiously mixed them together, rumpling the fresh

sheets of paper and scattering them, along with some sheets that had been written upon, all over the desk top and even sending a few floating to the floor. Then he sat for a long moment, seeming to ponder upon what he had done; after which he painstakingly gathered everything together and replaced it all as neatly as possible back in the drawer. At this instant a look of great distress suddenly came over his face and he opened his mouth, appearing to be crying out in pain or anguish. But no sound was forthcoming.

Seeing this, all of those present felt a deathly and inexplicable chill, as if they had just witnessed a fellow human suffering some kind of torment that was literally too great for expression. The poor creature repeated this silent cry several times; but as before, no one heard, nor did anyone know what it signified or what was behind it.

Suddenly, Thomas Faraday gathered himself together, stood up, and strode hastily from the room as if he'd heard a shout or call from without. In the hallway, he paused and stepped into a closet where part of his wardrobe was kept. He emerged from the closet holding a key and strode firmly toward the outside door.

At this instant, Dr. Estenbach coughed slightly, which was the first sound poor Faraday seemed to hear, and the effect upon him was instantaneous and dreadful: he stopped and stared all about, looking through his visitors as if they were not present at all. His facial expression was one of the most intense fear.

It was then that Mr. Targood heard Raymond whisper to Dr. Morrisey that all of them must remain quiet, for if his master was awakened now he would awaken "out of his mind."

To this, Dr. Morrisey nodded rapidly, whispering, "I know, I know!"

By this time, Faraday had opened the door and stepped outside into his courtyard. The wind would have extinguished the candles immediately, so they were all placed on a table by the door. Nevertheless, there was a bright, full October moon, which shone down upon the courtyard so brightly that Faraday's actions were quite visible.

All of the men stood in the doorway and watched the patient as he went to the stable and, picking up a large stone, beat upon the wooden side. From within, his horse whinnied—as if answering his master's call—and when Faraday dropped the stone and turned away from the stable, he was seen to be smiling.

It so happened that two of the kitchen servants were working late that night in preparation for a great meal to be served the next day, and while Faraday was crossing the courtyard in the direction of a side door that led into his billiard room, there was a loud noise in the kitchen, as of several empty pans being dropped. The effect upon the patient was startling: he froze in the posture of a man trailing wild game, and then after a moment's quiet, he crept softly forward to the kitchen door and leaned forward with his ear to the wood, as if trying to overhear what was happening within.

But he soon grew tired of this and walked briskly into his billiard room, where he circled the billiard table as if surveying the area for the first time. Once, he turned around so sharply that he bumped into his brother, but instead of being alarmed, merely pushed him aside with the back of his hand, as one parts a curtain to pass by, not seeing his brother at all.

Then after what appeared to be a moment's deep pondering as he leaned with the heels of his hands upon the billiard table, Thomas Faraday sighed and left the room, where he proceeded to the front hallway, turned up the stairs and walked to his bedroom.

All followed him silently as before, two of the men carrying candles, the servant Raymond at the rear.

After the patient had undressed, put his nightgown back on, and retired once again, Raymond pulled the bed curtains shut and nodded to those present.

Downstairs, Dr. Morrisey said, "Now he will sleep from eight to ten hours like a man drugged."

"How will he awaken?" Dr. Estenbach asked.

Dr. Morrisey turned to the servant. "Raymond, tell them how he will awaken.

"After he has slept a sufficient length of time," the old man said, "I will go up and open the bed curtains and recite the Lord's prayer."

Dr. Estenbach blinked and shook his head. Mr. Targood suffered a brief coughing fit and turned away as politeness requires. Faraday's brother said nothing but kept rubbing his hand over his face, as if he had just walked through cobwebs.

"And that's all?" Dr. Estenbach asked, of no one in particular.

Thinking it was he who was addressed, however, Raymond said, "That's the safest way to awaken him, Sir. Other ways have unpredictable effects."

Dr. Estenbach narrowed his eyes a moment and thought.

Then the four men paid their respects to one another and left the premises.

On the 8th of January, following, Thomas Faraday left his bed chamber in the middle of the night and walked out of his house into the darkness. His old servant, Raymond, was ill and could not follow his master, though he later testified he'd heard him leave.

When Faraday did not return the next morning, however, a search was initiated, and shortly after noon his body was found floating just under the ice of a pond, several feet from where he had broken through in his passage directly across it. His brother had discovered the drowned corpse, smeared-looking and twisted in its light clothing. Later, he said it was like seeing his brother's image in a flawed mirror, and he wondered if the poor wretch had gone forth thinking it was summer.

But who could answer such a question? Why he had come to such a place...or where he was headed, or thought he was headed, are all insoluble mysteries. The servants claimed that their master had behaved in his usual manner the day before, but his sleepwalking had become so frequent that they had noticed that Mr. Faraday had talked to himself more than usual that day; although he was often discovered talking to himself, which everyone assumed was merely part of his general eccentric behavior.

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The facts of this case history, as presented above, have been reported variously. The patient's brother talked of it often up until the time of his death some years later, but wrote nothing of the matter. Dr. Morrisey made brief notes, generally matter-of-fact, that have proved useful in filling

out details. He seemed to feel that his major responsibility in the case had been relinquished the instant he called in Dr. Estenbach as a consultant, for the latter was acknowledged to be one of the world's authorities in such forms of madness.

As for Dr. Estenbach's records, they show considerable attention given to Mr. Faraday's case, but the sum of his conclusions are disappointingly flat and conventional. After viewing the matter in retrospect, he swept all that he had seen into the single dustbin of his already-formed theory that sleepwalking is merely an instance of the brain abdicating its function while the spinal cord takes over. He notes, in connection with this and other cases, that action of the encephalic ganglia diminishes radically during somnambulism, and points out that the situation is very much like that of a person abstracted in thought, who can nevertheless find his way home without thinking about where to turn. This, he argues, is an instance of the spinal cord "guiding" the body in familiar activities, while the labor of the brain, or mental state, is far removed.

The oddest, and in its way most informative, account of this evening's events, however, surfaced many years later in a journal kept by Mr. Targood. Although this gentleman was quiet and studious, it is perhaps strange that he could prove to have been so occupied by Mr. Faraday's case and have had so little professional obligation in it, or have manifest so little of that occupation. But perhaps he did, after all, discuss what he'd seen that night at length; perhaps he had talked about it to his friends, along with his wife and family, even until they were bored with the subject; we have no way of knowing.

What we do have is his journal, in which no less than seventeen pages bear reference to what he saw that evening, along with a four page manuscript of ruminations upon the event. The latter is incomplete, and there is no way of telling whether Mr. Targood was writing down his thoughts merely to order them, so that he could make sense out of what he'd seen that evening, or whether he intended to seek publication of the essay in some form or other.

Like Dr. Estenbach's account—but on a quite different level (for it is, after all, fanciful)—Mr. Targood's commentary is fragmentary as well as incomplete, so I will summarize his thoughts upon what he'd witnessed that evening when he came to visit his neighbor, Thomas Faraday, without that poor creature's knowledge.

Mr. Targood was a man of some leisure, and it was in fact his curiosity about the human mind (along with the friendship and trust of the Faraday family) that had brought about his presence that evening with Doctors Morrisey and Estnebach. It is also evident that Mr. Targood had read some of the medical literature on the subject, and knew about Dr. Estnebach's explanation of somnambulism.

But he was not satisfied with this. And even though he was aware that he did not have the scientific background to question it publicly, in private he spun his own web of theories, letting them quiver tentatively before his imagination...knowing that they were not likely to be tested in any way, for their premises were in themselves too speculative, too insubstantial, too resistant to any conceivable test of empirical truth.

There was one incident of that evening that

stood out from the others in Mr. Targood's memory: this was Thomas Faraday's anguished but silent cry after he had scattered and then collected the things in his desk. Mr. Targood referred to it a dozen times in his writings, each time holding it a little differently in the hand of memory, the way one turns a gem to see all its facets clearly.

This gem, however, was not precious in the way of beauty, but woefully unsettling. For Mr. Targood began to think of Thomas Faraday's adventures as microcosmic, that is to say, as little lives bound by time and witnessed by sympathetic observers. Or (as he states in one place) boxes within boxes.

One such box was the scene at his desk, referred to. Could this not be viewed, Targood suggests, as a dialectic model of human life itself? We gather, scatter, and then re-organize the things of our days, and then viewing them afterwards cry out in anguish at the paucity of completeness compared to the lavish promise of meaning? But of course, the gods do not hear, even if they see and know; for in truth, the gods are themselves helpless.

This was one line of thought, but it is blurred and partially contradicted by others. For example, Mr. Targood asks rhetorically (this is in his journal, not in the essay alluded to): "If we could not hear him at this moment of pain and bewilderment, and if he could not see us at any time, is it not possible that he saw and heard things that *we could not* see and hear? And, were those things not true for him for as long as they appeared? And are not our lives themselves bounded by such provisional cautions, such contingencies and temporalities?"

I confess to finding this somewhat murky, although I think I know what he means, and am disturbed by it. As for the problems it presents, they are quite obvious: the fact is, the patient *did* hear his visitors upon occasion, and in fact his servant cautioned them not to awaken him suddenly, for if they had done so, he claimed his Master would awaken "out of his mind." And yet, their presence, while consistently invisible, was not consistently inaudible, as the facts reveal.

My inference from this (Mr. Targood does not pursue the idea) is that insofar as Thomas Faraday might have been thought to be conscious, we would have been as ghosts to him. When ghosts are said to be manifest, are they not more often heard than seen? Yes, they were no more than sounds and intimations to us. Such is precisely what the four observers were to Faraday.

And then there is this speculation, which I find near to being the strangest of all that Mr. Targood entertained: is it conceivable, he asks, that the patient had somehow slipped in Time? Or that he had possibly accelerated beyond the temporal progression we assume to be intrinsic to reality?

I confess I can make nothing out of this, but then it also has to be said that I can make nothing out of Time, either; nor to the best of my knowledge can anyone else. But let me elaborate upon Mr. Targood's notion further: it is known that such bodily functions as respiration and pulse rate, which are the clocks of our physical being, slow down while we sleep; but what if there is upon occasion a rare individual in whom this lagging goes beyond certain limits? What if, in short, such a person falls behind in Time?

Such a lag need not be long: only a fraction of

a second would be enough to remove one from sight. While it might be argued that one would be seen only as he was an instant before, this is not necessarily so, since that "instant before" does not exist at all, *now*. But what about the furniture, the things in the desk?

No, this is clearly nonsense. You can't have it both ways. You can't have Thomas Faraday, even asleep, occupying another time and still being visible to us if inaudible. Why Mr. Targood bothered to write such madness, I'll never understand, for the remainder of what he has written is in its peculiar way logical, even if fantastic and without valid premises.

It should be emphasized, furthermore, that the above idea does not occupy much of Mr. Targood's ruminations. It was no doubt merely a passing notion, and might well have been crossed out if Mr. Targood had gone over it later and thought about it more clearly. But it is so strange that I myself have mentioned it, for it is strange only in the context of our waking reality as our convention conceives it.

The most striking effect of Mr. Targood's ruminations in not a single insight that he was able to pluck from what he had witnessed that night, but the brooding premise behind all his notions: that his friend and neighbor, Thomas Faraday, might have been *seen seeing other things*. If he did not see his four visitors and servant, as was evident, whom did he see? Did he see others? Were there others somehow *there* to replace the reality of those who were not? Or was he alone?

And if his voice could not be heard by his visitors as he cried out from some inscrutable sense of pain or anguish, where did the sound of this voice exist? Might it not have been something other than a cry, after all? Perhaps some sort of lugubrious yawn? No, I think not. And, even though he heard his house, the kitchen servants, and Dr. Estenbach clear his throat...in what sense were those sounds obtrusive? And if obtrusive, into what silent world of sound did they obtrude?

And finally, even though all his behavior was bizarre in the extreme, and disjointed of purpose, yet each gesture appeared in itself to have had a completeness and finality to Faraday in his somnambulistic trance. And how could such satisfactions be legislated away by those of us who "do not speak the same language."

Such are some of the ruminations expressed and hinted at in Mr. Targood's notes on the subject. And fantastic as they are, they do not seem quite so strange in the context of the simple fact of Thomas Faraday's excursion that night, which one might easily believe was somehow an excursion into another world—one which we cannot know the way we know a goldfinch or a door knob, for instance, but one which we all have vague access to, whether we understand it or not. Such a truth might be cried out to the loudest pitch of which our voices are capable, but it will never be heard from without, only from within.